Jan 1st '73

Harold,

I just got your letter and after screaming to no avail I WANT TO GO HOMEEEeeee, I decided to give everyone's ears a rest while I answered it. I hear my loud screams ring out even through out the adjoining hall of justice. They closed my window here because I used to scream out of it all of the time "HELP! HELP! I'M BEING KEPT PRISONER AGAINST MY WILL"

Screaming from solitary helps pass the time and annoys the screws. I also stand on my head and meditate a lot. The latter really blows their minds completely. It also freaked out the Grand Jury when they toured the jail. At the time I was only clad in my bikini panties and looking at all of those strange men staring at me from an upside down position was freaky.

I'm in solitary for fighting. A big dyke was bothering me so I lost my cool and beat the shit out of her-him-it. (whatever) I can get along with fags as they make me feel feminine but dykes-no way. Soooo..... here I am and they say now I'm a mental case so I don't think they are going to let me out Jan. 11th when my thirty days are up. What the fuck anyway!

You have a memory like an elephant oh yeah I got a Christmas card with $10.00 in it from the esteemed Hunter Leake. How's that for jail mail? I invested it into the underground black market that passes this way and bought this envelope out of it. So you can help me enjoy my Christmas funds. I didn't get any toys but Harris County gave me a pair of socks.

(OVER)

Magnolia went home on bond and now Alice has her cell. From Alice (who claims I stand on my to vodoo the screws) I have learned all about prostitution and how "to catch tricks." She's a real trip.

One of the screws brought me some books to read. I guess they thought I'd quit screaming or something. I just read the Seven Minutes by Irving Wallace. I did manage to stay so spell bound that I only let out a scream at the end of each chapter. I've got to let them know I'm still back here or they might forget to feed me. (smile)

Did you know that rolling cigarettes is an art altogether different from rolling a joint? Well I've conquered it better than a machine can do it. Even Alice is amazed.

I've gone from Winston to Bugler. I might need an iron lung waiting for me when I get out from smoking these things.

I stayed on my hunger strike for 5 days (15 meals) but all those stacked up plates of food drove me crazy, so I eat again.

I heard my friend Harry beat the Giant. What's Big Jim's plans for now?

I'm not too keen on going to the funny farm. Like I yell all of the time here I WANT TO GO HOME if I have to make a pit stop at the funny farm it is still better than the penitiary though. I am cracking up in here more each day anyway.

Well here's my lunch - beans - yeck!

Do write again soon my friend — O.K.

Diane